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That I must part with my delight,
I cannot scold and sleep.

However this does mitigate,
And much abate my sorrow,
That tho' to-night it be too late,
I'll early scold to-morrow.

TO MISS, WITH SOME FLOWERS.

WE'RE dying lady, take us to thy breast,
Catch our last breath, and make our part-
ing blest,
Blest as expiring saints to whom 'tis given,
On earth to die, but to revive in heaven.

T.

DIRECTIONS FOR A TEA-VASE.

(SAID TO BE WRITTEN BY DR. DARWIN.)

FRIEND Bolton, take these ingots fine,
From rich Potosi's sparkling mine;
With your nice art, a tea-vase mould,
Your art more valued than the gold;
And where proud Radbournæ's turrets rise,
To bright Eliza send the prize.
I'll have no serpents round it hiss
The foaming wave, and seem to kiss.
No naiads weep, no sphinxes stare,
No tail-hung dolphins high in air.
Let wreaths of myrtle round the rim,
And twisting rose-buds form the brim,
Each side let wood-bine stalks descend,
And form the handles as they bend.
While, at the foot, a Cupid stands,
And twines the wreaths with both his hands.
Perch'd, on the rising lid above,
Oh, place a love-lorn turtle-dove,
With hanging wings, and ruffled plume,
And gasping beak, and eye of gloom.
Last, let the swelling basis shine,
With silver white, and burnish fine,
Bright as the font whose banks beside,
Narcissus gaz'd, and lov'd, and died.
Vase!...when Eliza deigns to pour,
With snow-white hand, the boiling show'r,
And sweetly talks, and smiles, and sips,
Thy fragrant stream, with ruby lips,
More charms thy polish'd front shall shew,
Than ever Titian's pencil drew,
More than his chisel soft unfur'd,
Whose heaven-wrought statue charms the world.

To the Editor of the Belfast Magazine.

SIR,

I send you a bouquet of Sonnets for in-
sertion in your next month's Magazine.

This is a flower of *Polian* poetry, which,
in general, has not agreed well with this
climate, but in some hands, by careful cul-
tivation, has come to a considerable degree
of perfection, of which the following are
some of the best specimens I could find.

Yours, &c.

T.

FIRST.

LADY, to you a youth unknown to art,
(Who fondly from himself in thought
would fly.)
Devotes the faith, truth, spirit, con-
stancy,
And firm, yet feeling temper of his heart;
Prov'd strong by trial for life's arduous part,
When shakes the world, and thunders
roll'd on high,
All adamant, it dares the storm defy,
Erect, unconscious of the guilty start.
Not more above fear, envy, low desire,
And all the tenants of the vulgar breast,
Than prone to hail the heaven-resound-
ing lyre,
High worth, and genius of the muse pos-
sessed,
Unshaken and entire...and only found,
Not proof against the shaft, when love di-
rects the wound.

MILTON.

SECOND.

Man lives...but to possess; and if unblest,
His sickly fancy languishes! expires!
But woman clasps chimeras to her breast,
Small aliment her purer flame requires!
She, like the young chameleon, lives on
air,
Content, no grosser sustenance to gain,
Takes every tint from the lov'd object
near,
Clings to her griefs, and glories in her
pain.
Of poorest flow'rs she forms triumphant
wreaths,
Her world contracted to one little space;
Enough for her to breathe the air *he* brea-
thes,
To steal a look, unnotic'd at *his* face!
By happy accident to touch *his* hand,
Bear on her heart a ringlet or a glove,
To sacrifice each wish to his command,
Live but in *them*, and only live to love.

MISS TREFUSIS.

THIRD.

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauties'
field,

Thy youth's proud livery, so gaz'd on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed of small worth
held.

Then, being ask'd, where all thy beauties
lies,

Where all the treasure of thy lusty days?
To say, within thy own deep-sunken eyes,
Were an all-eating shame, and thriftless
praise;

How much more praise deserv'd thy beauties
use,

If thou could'st answer... This fair child of
mine

Shall sum my count, and make my old
excuse.

Proving his beauty by succession thine.

This were to be new-made when thou art
old,

And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st
it cold.

SHAKESPEARE.

FOURTH.

The pallid tint of loveliness which threw

A tender cloud upon her smiling face,

Came to my heart with such an awful grace,

That in my looks, that heart to meet it flew,

Then how, in paradise, the blessed view

Each other I perceiv'd: e'en so took place,

The gentle sentiment none else could
trace,

Save me, whose gaze no other object knew,

The most angelic look that thou could'st
wear,

The mildest manners female love could
show

Compar'd with what I sing might scorn
appear;

To earth she calmly bent her decent brow,

And silently she said, or seem'd to say,

Who bears far hence my faithful friend
away?"

PETARCH.

FIFTH.

Mary, I want a lyre with other strings;

Such aid from heaven, as some have feign'd
they drew!

An eloquence scarce given to mortals, new,

And undebas'd by praise of meaner things!

That e'er thro' age or woe I shed my wings,

I may record thy worth, with honour due,

In verse as musical, as thou art true,

Verse... that immortalizes whom it sings!

But thou hast little need: There is a

Book,

By Seraphs writ, with beams of heavenly

light,

On which the eyes of God not rarely look...

A chronicle of actions, just and bright!

There all thy deeds, my faithful Mary,

shine,

And since thou own'st that praise, I spare

thee mine.

COWPER.

This appears written "*con-amore*," we may

add, "*divino*."

SIXTH.

Is it to love, to fix the tender gaze,

To hide the timid blush, and steal away,

To shun the busy world, and waste the

day,

In some rude mountain's solitary maze?

Is it to chaunt one name, in ceaseless lays,

To hear no words, that other tongues

can say,

To watch the pale moon's melancholy

ray,

To chide in fondness, and in folly praise?

Is it to pour th' involuntary sigh,

To dream of bliss, and wake, new pangs

to prove;

To talk in fancy with the speaking eye,

Then start with jealousy, and idly rove,

Is it to loath the light, and wish to die?

For these I feel, and feel that they are...

LOVE.

SIR E. BURGESS.

SEVENTH.

Thrice happy he, whom by some shady

grove,

Far from the clam'rous world doth live,

his own;

Tho' solitary, who is not alone;

But doth converse with that eternal love.

O how more sweet is bird's harmonious

moan,

Or the hoarse sobbings of the widowed

dove,

Than those smooth whisp'rings near a

prince's throne,

Which good make doubtful, do the ill ap-

prove.

O how more sweet is Zephyr's balmy

breath,

And sighs embalm'd which new-born flow-

ers unfold,

Than that applause vain honours doth

bequeath:

How sweet are streams, to poison drank in

gold;

The world is full of horrors, troubles,

slights,

Woods, harmless shades, have only true

delights.

PRYMOND, OF HAWTHORNDEN.